

Dr W H Chandler jun 95

THE LEHIGH BURR.



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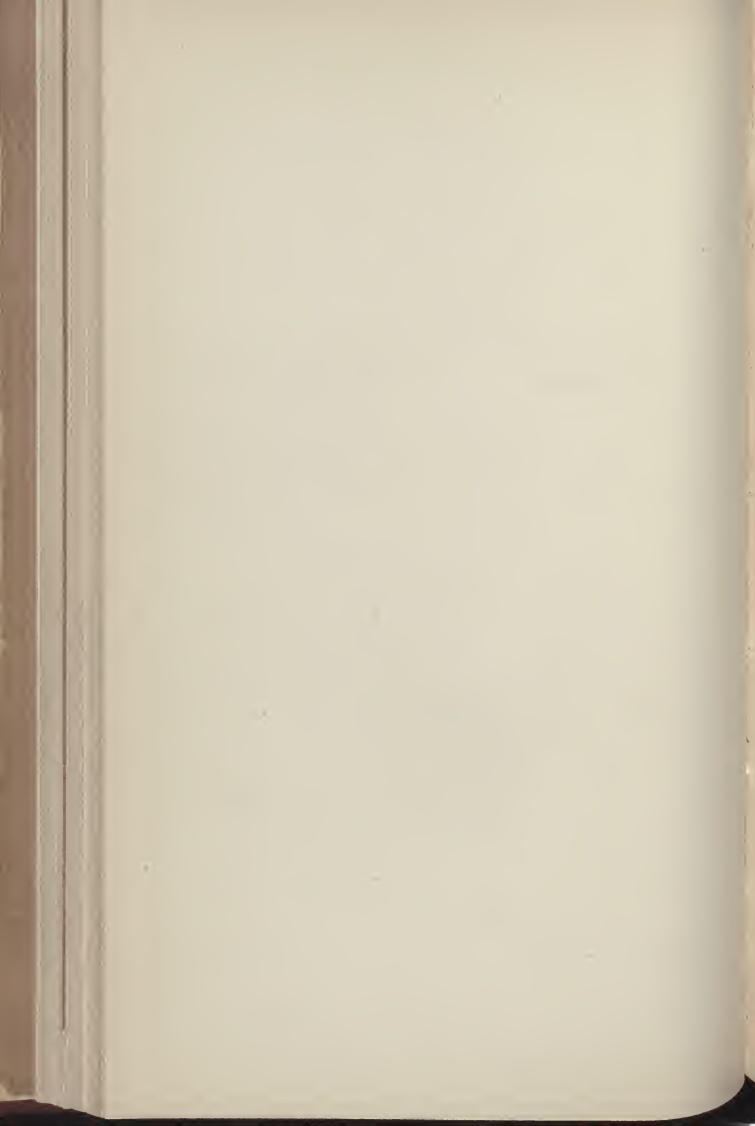
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ANNETTE'S CUP.

How many stormy years the sea-bird's wild cry has pierced the solitude, I know not; how many nights the harsh voice of the ocean has sung to me I care not; but, when the wild billows dash their spray on Eagle Cliff, and drown the thunders' mighty voice, and when the lightning's vivid flash discloses to me that overhanging crag, I laugh aloud and shout with glee.

For such was the storm and such was the night, through which we passed in Annettes Cup. On warm summer days I lie here on my back and grasp at the sea-gulls, as they whirl about overhead. At night I lie here and throw huge handfuls of sand at the winking stars; but when the clouds grow gray and dark, and the whispering wind fans itself in frenzy into a gale, and when the rain falls heavily in solid sheets, my heart is glad; for I think of that night we spent here together. Some day a venturesome fisher's boy may find

me here, lying on my back and watching the clouds above with a never-winking eye.

For such a time I trust will come and, against such a happy day, I must tell what happened at the Eagle's Crag, so many years ago.

It is with effort that I recall what could have happened long before that awful night, but sometimes as the sun's bright rays will pierce a nook or two of my shadowy retreat, just so will flash across my mind that memory of long ago. And as the slant ray of this morning's sun falls on my face, I write without a bit of sadness, the history of a strange meeting in this sandy cup.

* * * *

Both of us must have been most queer and surly chaps, for when we spent our summer camping and canoeing on the huge bay near Eagle Cliff, it was rarely that a word would pass between us as we silently ate, fished, and smoked away our aimless lives.

Indeed, in this strange way our common life—I may not call it friendship—was spent for several years, and never a breach passed between us, up to to the time my strange story claims your attention. For years had Eagle Bay been the seat of no other habitation than our own and, on the cool and stormy ocean coast, we passed our days entirely unmolested; for the nearest civilization was miles away, at a little fishing village of scarce a score inhabitants. Thus it was, that, when several wealthy New Yorkers had so obtrusively erected their elegant summer residences near the village, both of us had instinctively dodged all signs of human life, and made fewer long canoe trips or other expeditions which lead in their directions. But on one warm fall day, as we lay in our canoes, not a mile from our secluded cabin and dozed, as the long swell of the ocean rocked us on its pillow, the merry rippling of a woman's voice aroused us from our reveries, and we both sat up with startled horror to view our strange intruders.

There they were, not a hundred feet away, bearing down upon us in an ugly little fishing boat, guided by an old weather-beaten sailor! I seized my paddle to escape, but the sight of such a pretty face, caused me to drop it. What there was in that face which attracted me so immeasurably I could never tell, but in another moment, to my great surprise, I was clumsily touching the brim of my wide felt hat, and at the earnest request of the fisherman, quickly consented to show them our cabin.

Never a thought penetrated my mind as to my companion's whereabouts, until I saw his canoe disappear among the billows of the ocean, as he rounded the sand-bar.

But now it was too late! I had already broken my strange and awful oath, and what there was to follow I cared not.

Stepping from my canoe, I caught the bow of the fishing-boat and held it until my fairy guest and the old man had landed, and then led the way to our camp in silence. Never before had I heard music in a woman's voice and, as I sit here in my lone retreat, the whispering of the morning's breeze brings it back to me across the sea-green bay; and the bright ray of the sun as it travels up the rocky side wall of the cup, seems but a dim reflection of the sparkle of those merry eyes. With what a curious feeling did I pick up a dainty handkerchief, on which I read the simple name "Annette." But my look must have startled her, for she immediately stole out of the cabin and made her way to the boat. The man followed with me in silence; but I can never tell whether I heard a low cry of pleasure or horror as I leaped aboard the little craft after shoving it off.

What happened after that, my memory fails me, but still I have a dim recollection of causing the old fisherman to sail us over to the narrow inlet near Eagles Crag.

For what inducement she climbed the rocky path with me, I do not know, but there we stood, at last on the outmost crag of Eagle Cliff, gazing far out into the sea. How long we stood there, side by side, no one can tell. I did not

turn at the sound of a heavy foot fall, or a familiar voice behind me, but in another instant a heavy hand fell on my arm and the hard cold voice of some one whom I failed to recognize confronted me.

I could not see his face, around me all grew dim and hazy, but through it all I thought I saw an angel smile upon me. Again, from his unseen lips, came the awful words: "Your broken oath, God's curse and my revenge!" And in another moment I felt I was falling over the side of Eagle Crag! All was a blank, but even through the haze there seemed to come to me from up above a woman's shriek. Then all was still!

* * * * *

How long I lay there, I can not tell, but suddenly I was awakened by a brilliant flash—it must have been the lightning of a coming storm. Again, I knew no more until, falling with all its vigor from the sky, an awful rainstorm swept upon us; and then for the first I was conscious of a heavy weight which lay across my breast. Summoning all my exhausted energy, I roused myself, and then it was I made my terrible discovery. In the midst of my loud shrieks of laughter, the lightning disclosed her pale distorted face, looking up at me with a cold ghastly smile!

* * * * *

When at last I awoke again, the bright beam of the sun was shining in my eye, and revealed to me the terrible will of God. By strange mischance, I had fallen into a round hole in the rocks, partly filled by drifting sands, while she had struck the jagged edge, and so met her death. After many useless efforts, I succeeded in reaching the now quiet sea with my dear burden; and, placing it in his canoe, we drifted to the sea shore, near the village.

There it was in my sadness that I left her, and traced my way back to the deadly sand hole. Here I live, on and on, locked up with the awful secret of her death;—for on a certain morning not far distant, I found him lying dead on the jagged rocks which circle Annette's cup.

T. P. Elmore.

A YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

It was Christmas Eve, and outside a cutting north-east wind was building miniature drifts upon the window sills with the first dry snow that had fallen during the day. Inside, there was a roaring log fire to drive away the chill and gloom, and a steaming bowl of hot punch to drive away sorrow and care. In a semi-circle around the hearth, seven or eight light-hearted, happy-go-lucky, young fellows were sitting, discussing the latest surprise, the engagement of Jack Haward, the last man on earth that any of the clubmen would have picked out for a Benedict.

With the exception of Fred Owens, they all seemed very much surprised, and many exclamations of surprise and wonder followed the announcement. Fred smiled, listened, but said nothing. When they had quieted down a little, he said, "When you are tired talking, and will let me get a word in edgewise, I will tell you a little story." This announcement brought silence immediately, fresh cigars were lighted, they settled into the most comfortable positions and waited patiently.

"You saw Jack for the first time a year and a half ago. I have known him for two or three years. I met him in the northern part of Texas the year I was with the United States Geodetic Survey. He was a typical cow-boy then, and as fine a specimen of manhood as I have ever seen. Most of his time was spent in the saddle, he had absolutely no fear of even the wildest horse, in fact, the only thing he did have any fear of was a woman. That's right, laugh, but it is true nevertheless. He had a beautiful physique, clean limbed as a racer, muscles like watch springs, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body, and as for running, I have seen him with a flying start out-run a horse for fifty or sixty yards. We saw each other quite often, and became close friends.

"When my work was finished and we said good-bye, I felt quite broken up about it for I thought a good deal of Jack. You may imagine my surprise, when I met him on Broadway three months later. Changed? Yes, considerably, but with the same long, slick, curly brown hair, and the same broad-brimmed sombrero. There were too many people and too much noise on Broadway to make conversation either easy or pleasant, so we wandered over to Fifth Avenue. We had gone perhaps five or six blocks when Jack stopped, threw up his head, and listened a moment, 'There's a runaway coming, or I am no judge of sounds.' He was right; by the time we reached the street we could see a powerful gray and a light buckboard tearing down the middle of the street. The only occupant was a young lady, who with set features and locked hands sat waiting for what seemed a certain death. By the time I had observed these details they were within twenty feet of us, and it was then that I recognized in the terrified girl an old friend of mine. 'My God, Jack, it's Grace Windsom,' was all that I could gasp. I felt powerless to help her. I received no reply to my remark, and turning to learn the cause I received another surprise. Jack was tearing down the street like a crazy man, about ten feet in front of the maddened horse. I thought surely he was running away, and this idea had evidently taken possession of the horse, for he was trying his best to overtake him. On they ran, man and beast, in a wild exciting race. Smaller and smaller grew the distance between them until, after what seemed an age to me but was really but a few seconds, they were running side by side. Then the horse received a surprise. With a quick movement Jack seized the rings on the saddle, and with a mighty leap, landed fairly astride of the horse. I began to understand his plan. Once fairly seated he was master of the situation, and I had no further fear for the safety of Miss Windsom. The gray, when he felt the touch of that masterful hand upon the reins, gave in without much struggling. Jack dismounted and turned his attention to the fair occupant

of the buckboard, who, as soon as the danger was over, proceeded to faint in the most approved fashion, and would have fallen had not a pair of strong arms caught her just in time. I arrived upon the scene in time to hear Jack say, 'Great Scott, what shall I do with her?' and see him look wildly around to see if there were not some possible avenue of escape. 'Climb in and hold her while I drive home,' said I, thanking my lucky stars meanwhile that it was not far away. When we arrived at the house, Grace—I beg her pardon, Miss Windsom—was still unconscious, so Jack had to carry her in. Just as he was about to place her on a large couch she revived, gave him a wondering look with those loving, trustful violet eyes of hers, then proceeded to faint again.

"Jack couldn't put her down and get out of the house quickly enough to satisfy him, so we left immediately, promising to call the next day. That is how it began, and you have just read how it has ended." Then rising and filling his glass, "Fellows, it's twelve o'clock, here's a long life of happiness and success, and a Merry Christmas all around. Bottoms up." The glasses were drained.

Jack was married a month later with Fred for best man. That was many years ago, and many things have happened since then, but nothing in any way contrary to the good wishes expressed on that Christmas Eve for Jack's future happiness.

H. Leigh Adams.

A FOOT-BALL TRAGEDY.

She clung to him, the game was o'er,
Content was in her soul;

"Dear heart, I'm very happy, now
That you have come back whole."

With gentle hand he smoothed her curls
And tried to keep a laugh back;

"My dear, your joy is premature,
For I am only *half-back*."

—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

A LENTEN EPISODE.

The last rousing strains of "The Bell of New York" resounded through the ball-room, as I assisted Miss Donaldson to a chair. The enlivening two-step had completely exhausted her, and I proposed a stroll through the conservatory. Miss Donaldson readily accepted, and in a few moments we found ourselves among the fragrant roses in the cooling atmosphere of the well-kept conservatory. Such a delightful change to the hot stuffy ball-room. Miss Donaldson was an ideal girl, tall, slender, and graceful, sought after by many, and happy was the man who won her smiles. I had been in her good favor for several weeks, and I thought everything was progressing finely. The dance was on the evening before Ash-Wednesday, and the dancing was at its height. We had been strolling but a few minutes when Miss D. remarked, "Do you realize, Mr. Bronson, that it is now twelve o'clock, and the beginning of Lent? What are you going to sacrifice?"

"Well!" I answered, "I am thinking very seriously of giving up the pleasure of the society of young ladies." I knew this was a prevarication the moment I uttered it, but it was too late, so I in return asked her what she thought of doing. But just then, her partner for the next dance claimed her attention, so I strolled out to the smoking-room. As I sat in an easy-chair watching the cigarette smoke slowly wend its way towards the ceiling, a happy thought struck me. Why should'nt I propose to Miss D. that very night. As I sat musing, the orchestra started, and glancing at the programme I saw my next dance was with Miss D. It was the last waltz, "Love's Dream After the Ball," and as we danced, keeping perfect time, and swaying with the music, I asked her, in the sweetest way possible, why could'nt we waltz on through life together in perfect harmony? The music had stopped by this time, and she leaned over towards me, and whispered, with charming defiance, "Why, Mr. Bronson, I think I will sacrifice all thoughts of marriage, since this is the Lenten season." *Alfred Mahlon Worstall.*

A MODERN DON JUAN.

"Tom," said my friend Gainsborough to me, as we sat on a moonlit evening in June upon the balcony at the Casino, sipping mint juleps. "I'm not the kind of man that you would imagine had ever had a love affair, am I?"

"No," said I promptly, surveying my friend's well-groomed, and generally jovial appearance, "I would not." "Nevertheless, Tom," he replied gazing somewhat absent-mindedly in the direction of the harbor, "I have had the fortune, or rather the misfortune, to have a very lovely girl fall in love with me." Although I generally geyed Gainsborough about his behavior toward the fair sex, which was rather too reserved to please most of them, something in his manner prevented me from making light of the present allusion. So I merely took another sip from my julep, and said "indeed" in a tone which expressed emotions, ranging from casual interest to insatiable curiosity. "Years ago," continued Gainsborough, "when I was about twenty years old, and was in my Senior year at college, I met the most attractive girl I ever met, or ever expect to meet in my life. She was but eighteen, had just finished school, and was perfectly innocent about all that goes to make up the world as you and I know it. At the time I was having a desperate flirtation with a girl much older than she, and although I liked her from the time of our meeting, I considered her too much of a little girl to do more than amuse myself occasionally, by talking to her. Before long I found that she was taking a great fancy to me, in fact, idealizing me in the fashion of all young girls before their sentimental side, or perhaps I should say, their naturalness, is rubbed smooth by our social functions. I soon discovered from her willingness to dance an unlimited number of dances with me at the hops, from her heightened color when I joined her on the street, and from

her evident dislike to have me leave her after I had made a call of three or more hours; that her regard for me amounted to more than a passing fancy, and I began to ask myself if I was doing right to let this sweet innocent girl believe me an angel of goodness, when I was—well, you remember what I was in my first two years at college—not exactly an angel. Though I did take a brace towards the end of my Junior year." Here Gainsborough indulged in a reverie from which I was obliged to waken him with an interrogative, "well!" "Oh yes," said he, starting as if suddenly aroused from sleep, "well, I am afraid my love of a good time made me delay breaking away a little longer than I should have, considering the gravity of the conditions, for I felt that I could not allow myself to marry her—that I had not lived the life that a man should have lived in order to be entitled to marry so pure and innocent a creature as she was."

"So one night I told her—told her that she would not see me again at her house, that I feared she had already seen too much of me for her own good, that I had done wrong in allowing her to see so much of me, that I intended to remedy the wrong by not coming to see her again, and that I hoped she would consider my conduct as prompted solely by a desire for her future happiness. Poor girl, her self-control completely left her, and when she fully comprehended my meaning, she threw herself face downward on the divan and burying her face in the pillow sobbed as though her heart would break. My resolution almost wavered, but by a supreme effort, I rose and softly left the room and the house."

"And did you never see her again, never meet her anywhere?" I inquired, somewhat in awe of this apparently case-hardened side of Gainsborough's nature that he had just turned towards me.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen her once since, about half an hour ago, in this very Casino. She saw me, but turned away, I suppose to speak to her husband."

"But," said I, still marveling and wondering if this man, whom I thought I knew so well, could have absolutely no capacity for loving, "were you not in love yourself?"

"Tom," said Gainsborough, beckoning to a waiter, "your glass is empty, you must really have another julep," and looking me in the eyes with an absent look on his face, as if my curiosity was entirely unnoticed by him, he said, "Waiter, two juleps, and be careful not to crush the mint."

I have seen that same expression on the face of the Sphinx.

GREAT SCOTT.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,"
And staggered some, as often will
A stag who's had a horn too much,
And, like the far-famed, fabled Dutch,
Has taken Holland gin. To pull
This story short, the stag was full.—*The Lafayette.*

BY A FRESHMAN.

O may I join the chapel choir
And round the organ stand,
With a lot of gurgles in my throat
And a hymn-book in my hand.—*Red and Blue.*

—Atlanta University is a strictly anti-tobacco institution, none of the weed being used on the grounds.

—The oldest college in the world is the Mohammedan College at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1800 years old when Oxford was founded.

EDITORIAL.

CLIFFORD G. DUNNELLS' resignation from the Board has been accepted.

OWING to the pressure of business affairs, Mr. Jessup has been unable to prepare the "Lehigh Story," booked for this number of THE BURR. We are glad to say that the story has only been delayed, and will appear in the February issue.

COLLEGE men are notably careless in regard to money matters. This may possibly be due to the youthfulness of the men, or to the feeling that their college life is but a transient one, and there is no necessity for the care they afterwards show in business life. Whatever be the cause, this carelessness has necessitated the formation of athletic committees with older men at their head. Athletics have first felt this improvement because the interest in them is more general. They are not, however, the only way in which the college money is expended. Commencement exercises, etc., call for the disbursement of large sums of money, yet no public reports are ever made. There is every reason to believe, that if the accounts were published, not unfrequently large sums of money would be saved. To take a case in point, when the '96 *Epitome* Board started to work, they were confronted with the fact that *The Epitome* of the year before had run several hundred dollars in debt. They could get hold of no accounts to find where the money had been rashly spent, and they ran every risk of ending up in the same deplorable plight. The publication of the accounts of the '95 *Epitome* Board would have obviated this difficulty. Similarly the

different committees meet the same lack of information in regard to previous expenditures, and frequently indulge in extravagances that would otherwise be given up. The publication of the accounts would give permanence to them, and undoubtedly save considerable money in after times.

CHRISTMAS and its wealth of good cheer are almost upon us. But, unfortunately, before we reach that state of promised happiness, we must go through one week of trial. Men of old were chastened and tried by long vigils before their sovereign dubbed them knight. So we, of modern days, are tried by nights of toil before we can belong to the most noble Band of Idlers. Water is never more grateful than when we have passed through a period of thirst, and so the long delightful hours, to be spent as we will, never are more pleasant than when they have been prefaced by a week of hard work.

However time passes on and the week is passed. Packer Hall no longer engulfs the men. The Campus is deserted. The men are leaving and THE BURR speeds their flying feet with wishes for a merry, merry Christmas.

LEHIGH has suffered once more at the hands of the newspapers. This time the methods of the sheet making the publication are so generally known that the mere appearance of an article there brands it as a lie. The paper is one of those contemptible outgrowths that blacken everything they touch. Nothing is too good or pure for them to put their foul hands on. Lacking a staff of reporters they feed on the rottenness of their contemporaries. In truth, not satisfied with the already garbled account they find there, they make additions until they have what the editors call a "racy" article. Fortunately these ghouls of the newspaper world are so well known and their manner of doing business so well understood

that the injury they do is slight. The editors of this particular paper call it *fin de siecle*—then God pity the century.

Not satisfied with an editorial notice they have honored us with a full page illustration. As we have, said the appearance of an article there establishes its falsity, so there is no harm done in that way. The greatest regret is that Lehigh's fair name should appear in a journal devoted to prize fights, divorce cases—and other things far worse.

A BALLAD TO DON QUIXOTE.

Ho, ho ! He rides adown the street,
 Where once the knights rode long ago,
 On halting steed with laggard feet,
 A sharpened lath for sword, I trow,
 The mocking rabble stand a-row,
 The children, jeering, follow on ;
 But patient still, he rides on slow.
 Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

So lived this Don ! The wind-mills greet,
 Perchance, his weary eyes, and lo !
 They change, and, in a moment fleet,
 Are giants he must overthrow,
 Then ho ! he spurs to meet the foe,—
 And sprawls upon the ground anon :
 A fool, men say, and be it so.
 Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

And yet his heart was true. Defeat
 O'ercame him not, nor hostile blow.
 He rode—until he chanced to meet
 Grim death, who struck and laid him low.
 He went to rest, though here below
 Not flowers, but thorns, he trod upon ;
 He went to rest, as all men go.
 Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

ENVOY.

Princes, amid life's empty show
 He fought for love and truth, whereon
 The world all laughed. But God will know.
 Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

—*Harvard Monthly.*

THE GOSSIP.

The Gossip often wonders how a college man could possibly get along without his tailor. In those blissful moments when it becomes necessary for him to commune with himself, what excuse could he find, were it not for that ever-confident and unassuming liar, the tailor? It is not always the same old story; the tailor's fertile brain can always devise a new scheme for ensnaring the almighty dollar. It's not so bad when he doesn't get your trousers pressed in time, and you miss the train for the Lafayette game. Then again a little matter of forgetting your dress-suit, while you patiently sit in a summer costume and wait for it, when the Junior German is in full swing. But the best of all, is that time in the affairs of men when you are just stepping on an out-bound train, and the ever-present nightmare gently says, "Say, old man, can't you let me have a little on account?"

* * *

Were there ever such martyrs to the college cause as the Glee and Banjo Clubs? The people of the outside world would hold up their hands in horror did they but know half the amount of work that is accomplished. After two months' hard practice the clubs give a concert, and then, poor things, the worst is to come. The uninitiated must go through all the acute forms of stage-fright, and the initiated in the meanwhile are not even allowed to smile at the grotesque actions of the bass guitars. Then The Gossip even has heard it whispered that some of the club, rather than give it up, will, in preference to a hotel, go stay at the station house all night. How strong must be the tie that binds these martyrs to the cause.

* * *

The Gossip was thinking over the past season of American college foot-ball. What proportions, indeed, the game has assumed! What a science it has become compared with the

crude origin—two Yale classes fighting for a ball! How the interest and hope of students center in their teams! How the press idolizes the game! Truly the newspapers and the conversation of enthusiastic college men would convey the idea to the serious thinking public that college life is one huge foot-ball joke. But foot-ball is showy and attractive; learning and the actual work of a university are far too prosaic and sternly real for flaring headlines. In this connection The Gossip wishes to straighten a little point, more or less known about college. We hear and read of the famous Yale "V" trick, with which for years the game was opened. This play was really invented at Lehigh. J. S. Robeson, '86, was the captain of the team then, and he first worked it successfully on Pennsylvania. The idea was immediately carried to New Haven by a Yale man who happened to see the game and recognized the worth of the play. Yale used it, and got most of the credit for it, although Walter Camp has conceded its invention to Lehigh. The Gossip deplors the fact that the "V" trick is dead. It was a good snappy opening, though perhaps, a little rougher than the new one. Lehigh has always used it effectively, on account of the quick play which has characterized most of her teams.

—It is announced that Chi Psi Fraternity at Cornell has bought from Professor Fiske the McGraw-Fiske house at Ithaca, built for Mrs. Fiske but never occupied by her. The price paid was \$45,000, about \$80,000 less than the place cost.

—Yale's totals of membership for the last six years are: 1890, 1,633; 1891, 1,756; 1892, 1,976; 1893, 2,217; 1894, 2,381; 1895, 2,338. The decrease in numbers this year is attributable to the largely increased requirements for admission.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

November among the Exchanges has been, as usual, a season of rejoicings and repinings, of prognostications and retrospections, and the Foot-Ball Hero has been the regnant figure. There have been stories, thrilling and otherwise, of foot-ball games and players. The college comics have dilated on the beauties and magnified woes of the "finest college sport." The mistakes and successes of games have been fully discussed, and last, but by no means least, that charming latter-day queen, the foot-ball girl, has been pictured and sung about and adored. There is no doubt about it, Great is Foot-Ball of the Americans! Editor Godkin and others notwithstanding. To think that all the splendid enthusiasm would be aroused over it if such were not the case, if it was not something worthy of the distinction, is surely absurd. And now that the season is past and gone and the Thanksgiving turkey has been eaten in mirth, and the college term with its work and wealth of joy is nearing an end, The Table confesses to a feeling of sadness. The end of almost anything is rather sad to contemplate, and the '95 foot-ball season with its reputations made and lost, its glories and shadows, is no exception. However, the remark is true and appropriate, that "Christmas is coming," and probably another "good time" with it. The Table sincerely hopes there are lots of good things, whether they be in the form of candysticks, new subscribers or new contributors, for all its friends and neighbors.

Thanksgiving Numbers with new covers and appropriate matter, have been quite the order of the day among the Exchanges. "*The Tech.*" as usual has one of the neatest. This magazine deserves great praise anyway for its uniformly artistic and attractive appearance. Many of its illustrated paragraphs and editorial headings rank with those to be seen in *Life*, and similar publications.

Ben. Franklin has a particularly pleasing Thanksgiving cover in blue and red. The number is marred for *The Table*, however, by the too rough and acrid article, entitled, "They Do Feel Small Occasionally." Just why the various college comic papers, particularly those of the four great Universities, should find it necessary to smite each other so frequently, *The Table* never could understand. Their stated mission is to amuse, but they stray sadly from the path of good humor and fun. It would seem that journalistic good taste and politeness, if such terms are permissible, would not allow some of their articles to see the light.

The Sequoia and *The Targum* also present enjoyable Thanksgiving numbers, with special covers. *The University Courier*, enterprising as ever, published a foot-ball number, with a special foot-ball supplement, consisting of pictures of the members of their team.

The Table has received a copy of *Clips*, a new "pictorial and literary eclectic, a review of the best current wit, verse, story and illustration to be found in the periodicals of the world." The first number is very interesting and promises well. Copies of *The Monthly Illustrator* and *Taffy's New Foot-Ball Rules* have also been received. The latter edited by Burr McIntosh is most amusing.

To *The Table* the following sonnet from *The Wellesley Magazine* is particularly good. There is a touch to it which is almost Tennysonian, and reminiscent of Sir Galahad and St. Agnes Eve.

KNIGHTED.

All night within the dim cathedral choir
 He watched beside his armor ; vigil kept
 With prayer and fasting, while his fellows slept ;
 And as the gray dawn touched the cross-capped spire
 There came to him a vision. Holy fire
 Of pure devotion up within him leapt,
 The song of service through his spirit swept,—
 God's accolade bestowed on lowly squire.

When the sun shone across the world's new day
 They found him at the altar. Not a trace
 Of struggle on the fair uplifted face;
 And as they bore him home they softly trod,
 With reverent feet, as those who go to pray.
 He died a squire. Arise, O knight of God!

The following selections will speak for themselves.

SHAKESPEARE'S MISTAKE.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man,"
 As Shakespeare once foretold,
 But since women are wearing bloomers
 His words no longer hold.—*The Lafayette.*

My Greek book's ruined, the cover's off,
 The leaves are scattered round—
 Whatever he himself preferred,
 I want Prometheus bound.—*The Williams Weekly.*

WHY?

She was hanging something out to dry
 One sunny day, as I passed by,
 I stopped for a moment, passing by,
 She was awfully rattled—I wonder why?
 —*The Williams Weekly.*

It is much to The Table's regret that no copies of *The Nassau Lit.* have been received this term.

—There is considerable talk of a boat race this year between Yale and the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race.

—Mr. W. S. Bull, the former Yale full-back, has an article in *Leslie's Weekly* of October 24 upon place kicking, which covers the matter most admirably, and which every place-kicker in college and school teams should read.

—Swarthmore had an unpleasant experience at New Brunswick last month. Their foot-ball team was engaged in a match with the Rutgers eleven on Neilson Field, having left their clothes in the Ballantine Gymnasium. After the game they found that a thief had taken everything of value, including some six watches and over five hundred dollars in money.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

November 2.—Foot-ball. Lehigh vs. Orange Athletic Club. Score: 0 to 2, favor of Orange.

November 5.—Electrical Engineering Society. Papers on Multiphase Currents, by Flory, '96, and Jackson, '96.

November 6.—Senior Class meeting.

November 9.—Foot-ball. Lehigh vs. Lafayette. Score, 12 to 21, favor of Lafayette. Chess Club meeting.

November 12.—Mathematical Club. Paper on the Fundamental Theorem of Algebra, by Davenport, '96. Lecture on Architecture, in High School Hall. Senior elections for class-book committee resulted in the election of Given, Hall, W. S. Ayars, Daboll, and D. W. Wilson, Jr.

November 15.—Regular meeting of Junior Class.

November 16.—Foot-ball. Lehigh vs. Annapolis. Score, 6 to 4, favor of Lehigh.

November 18.—Sophomore Cotillion Club meeting. Freshman Class Supper, at Hotel Allen, Allentown, Pa.; Committee: Howe, Youtsey, Knight and Wentling.

November 19.—Lecture by Prof. Williams, on Egyptian Architecture. Electrical Engineering Society. Dr. McFarland gave a paper on The Application of Vector Analysis to Alternating Currents.

November 20.—C. E. Section of the Engineering Society. Paper by McBride, '96. M. E. Section of the Engineering Society. Paper by Buvinger, '96.

November 23.—Glee and Banjo Clubs concert, Fountain Hill Opera House, 8 P.M. Foot-ball: Lehigh vs. Lafayette, at Easton, Pa. Score: 6 to 14, favor of Lafayette.

November 26.—C. E. Section of Engineering Society. Mathematical Club.

November 27.—College closed for Thanksgiving vacation.

December 2.—College opens at 8:15 A. M.

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